

## Unclosed Doors by Cloudbbboy

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## 1. Open Eyes

It's nearly four am, and Will didn't get a wink of sleep. Hours of sitting up on his bed and fiddling his thumbs in the dark. It's been almost five years since he was deemed as the "boy who came back to life" and all the horrors of the upside down stood in the nooks and crannies of his mind. No matter how hard he tried to bury it, tuck it away and make it disappear it always came back around to haunt him.

And pulling away from his childhood friends who have been nothing but kind and helpful was wrong but solitude gave him clarity, he was tired constantly hearing snippets of the adventures with Eleven, a girl he'd never meet and the confrontation of the "demogorgon", a monster he'll never forget.

Not to mention with Jonathan gone at NYU and the family dog passing of old age he felt even more vulnerable in this old house. His body ached and his eyes burned. He forces himself to get up and heads to the bathroom. After rinsing his face he stares at mirror and scoffs at himself, "Damn I look like shit." After running his hand through his mop of hair he came to a decision. He grabs the electric shaver from beneath the sink, plugs it into the wall, and glanced at himself one last time before buzzing away. Midway, there was a knock on the bathroom door.

"Will, what the hell are you doing in there, its not even dawn."

"Uh, I'm just making myself look nice for school today."

"By shaving your head?" He pauses to look at the door and sighs.

"Well, I'm coming in, you'll need help in the back anyway." Joyce walks in and took a good look at her youngest before smirking and nodding. She finishes what he started, proceeding to rub his head with a sad smile.

"You know Will, with you looking like this you remind me of her."

"Eleven?"

Her eyes confirmed as she looked at him. They stand in the small bathroom in silence for a moment before he breaks it.

"You should probably head back to sleep, I'll clean this mess up just fine." Joyce gives him one more weary smile then embraces him.

"I love you, don't you dare forget that."

"I love you too, Mom."

She exits and he never felt more empty. By the time he was done sweeping the bathroom floor the sun was beginning to rise, making the sky bleed red. He returns to his bed laying down with open eyes.

## 2. Camels.

"Dude, you look mental!"

"Yeah man but in a good way, like super cool, like G.I Joe." Mike added after Dustin's comment. Will almost began to tune them out, focusing on storing his jacket away and some books away in his locker. He felt a hand touch the back of neck and he flinches. He turns around angrily to see Mike standing there looking concerned. He squeaked an apology and asked for permission to touch him this time around. Will felt his unsettlement ease, and presses his lip into a flat line. He responds.

"I guess."

Mike excitedly rubbed his head then Lucas and Dustin couldn't help but join in on the fun. Will let's out a dry laugh before brushing them off, not remembering how he let himself get so emotionally detached from them.

"C'mon guys, we shouldn't be late." He shuts his locker, as Dustin and Lucas yell good bye while waking away, only Mike stood behind. The hallways were beginning to clear out.

"Don't you have Kaminsky?"

"I do, but I wanted to check up on you." Mike became hesitant but rested his hand on his friends left shoulder. "Are you alright, Will? You can always talk to me." Will was ready to lie to him, but for the smallest moments he considered to spill the beans, but he simply rubs his eyes and shrugs.

"Yeah I'm fine, just tired." Will wasn't to sure when he became an expert in lying but he knew that to deliver a successful lie you put some truth to it. Mike grins and places his other hand on the right shoulder then squeezes both. He believed in every word.

The school bell rings in an obnoxious manner Mike cusses for being late. He runs to chemistry leaving Will to stand alone by his locker. He decides to skip his first period because who needs gym anyway

and decides into to school courtyard. He wedges himself in between two dumpsters and pulls out the three camels he stole from his mom's pack yesterday. He ignites one with the lighter Jonathan gave him after his return from the upside down. He becomes less agitated and starts to relax, enjoying the sight of smoke in the air after it exits his lips. He begins to rub his own head, enjoying the stimulation on his fingers and scalp.

*Super cool, like G.I. Joe.*

*With you looking like this, you remind me of her.*

Will felt his anger arise again. Why do people can't just see him, why did he have to emulate other people after shaving his hair. Then again he hasn't been Will Byers for about five years now. Just the boy who came back to life. He feels weak, remembering desperately trying to reach his mother, the fear, the hysteria. How hard it was to breathe. He was no boy who came back to life, he was the boy whose still dying.

He smokes the other cigarettes, easing him down once again. He finds himself thinking of Mike, almost feeling his hands on his shoulders again, almost wanting them there again. Will dismisses the idea and starts to head back inside, wishing he had more camels.

### 3. You Already Did

"Hey Will, do you wanna hang out at my place today? We can study together and we can organize a campaign, we haven't done one since forever-"

"I don't think I can make it but thank you Mike." It's the last period of the day and Will felt as if he was gonna hurl up the mystery meat from the cafeteria, or pass out on the hallway floor from exhaustion. All he wanted to do was lay down and pray he would fall into a dreamless slumber. Everything around him began to blur and all the chatter dissipated into white noise. He blinks and opens his eyes to dark cold blue shadows, vines pulsating in hunger on the walls and the snow like ash floating around him. His knees fell, beginning to buckle at the sight. With another blink the nether realm disappeared and Mike struggling to hold him up. His expression full of worry.

"I'm going to take you to the nurse, okay? You can lie down on one the cots and then I'll take you home."

"I'm fine, I should just go to class. I-I can nap there anyway." Those hands were on his shoulders again and Mike stared at him dead on the eyes. His face had shifted from worry to seriousness. Will couldn't stand it and looked down.

"I know you don't go to ninth the same way you go to first and sixth. If you're not going to the nurse fine but atleast let me come with you home so I'll know you'll make it alright." Will picked his head back up and saw the Mikes eyes were beginning to tear up, as the grip on his shoulders were becoming tighter.

"Ok."

Mike then proceeded to pick up his walkie talkie and call up on Lucas and Dustin, telling them that he was bringing Byers home and to meet him at his house after school ended. The two other boys confirmed before Will and Mike left the building.

"Sit on the back of my bike, yours should be fine and I can come pick you up in the morning."

Will obeys clinging on to Mike as he pedaled, burying his face into Mike's back. They neared Mirkwood and Will almost felt solemn, not wanting the ride to end and to let go. For once he could close his eyes without the fear of being haunted by world beneath his feet. Soon enough they were in front of his house but chooses to hold on a few seconds longer.

"I'd wish you'd just talk to me."

"How did you know I've been cutting class?"

"Your teachers would come up to me and ask about you, I could understand Gym and Homeroom but art? You used to love to draw."

Will steadily removes himself from the bike.

"What happened to you Will? I know literally went through hell and back but you hardly talk to any one of us anymore. What even made you decide to shave your head?" Mike's face flushed into an angry shade of red watching Will completely disregarding him and walking towards his door. With his back turned Will could hear his friend sobbing.

"Don't make me lose you again, please I'm begging you."

The door becomes unlocked.

"You already did."

## 4. The Burn Outs

It was the dead of night and there was no moon to enlighten it, yet Will Byers moved silently through the woods in his boxers. His mind elsewhere as his body wandered in darkness, his conscious unaware. It continues to tread deeper and deeper and pauses once it had reached his final destination. A exceptionally large building guarded by men in strange uniforms and surrounded by tall electrically charged fences. A hand reached out, nearly touching it, then the body began to retreat back in the direction of home.

The sleep walking was never really a thing until after Will severed all the ties with people he associated with. Even his own mother, creating an awkward atmosphere in their home. He has gotten himself a job in the movie theater, cleaning up after other people's messes of soda and popcorn. Atleast he has his own money towards cigarettes and saving up to get out the Hawkins for good. On occasion he'd see Dustin, Lucas, and Mike catching the latest horror or sci-fi movie. Each time Mike greeted him with a warm smile and a wave.

But the sleepwalking. It only occurred between periods of unrest and forced insomnia, when his body was far too exhausted to go another day. And he only grew suspicious of it when he would discover dirt beneath his toes and cuts in the bottom of his feet. His suspicions then became confirmed when the weather forecaster predicted night of thunderstorms and he woken the next morning soaking wet. And now with absolutely no one to turn to, he just kept to himself as he always did. After all it's been almost three months since he last spoke to Wheeler on his porch.

Soon enough Will found himself smoking in between the the dumpsters on another school day, though this time he was approached by a girl.

"Hey you got a another cig to spare?"

Will, after months of being almost entirely mute wasn't sure how to respond to this girl. He just gave her an almost frightened expression and fumbles giving her one of his camels. She smiles and lights it



with her own lighter.

"My name is Camille. You're that Byers kid right? I heard a lot about you." He blatantly frowns before nodding. She takes a long drag before talking again.

"Have you ever smoked weed?"

He practically chokes up telling her no.

"Oh, you look like the kinda person who would, I can't blame you to be honest."

After five minutes of the two standing there with out another exchange of words, Camille finishes her cigarette and stomps on the butt as if she's killing a roach. She looks at Will and gives him a toothy grin.

"If you ever want some, I can hook you up," she gives him a tight hug, "And Marbolos are better trust me on that one."

And just two days later Will found himself about to smoke his first joint in the company of Camille and a few of her friends who were well known to be burn outs. And the high was just heavenly. He was far far away from the upside down and Hawkins, from everything. The sleep walking ceased and he felt safe to sleep again. Camille and marijuana became his two best friends.

But Mike always stood somewhere in his mind no matter how stoned he got and how far away his mind went. He missed those hands on his shoulders, pressing his face on his back while wrapping his arms around Mike's chest. Not even the high could compare how at peace Will felt with him.

"Hey, Camille?"

"Yeah."

She and his new profound friends were all sitting in Castle Byers passing around a make shift pipe made up of copper foil from the art room and electrical tape. They all turned to look at his blood shot eyes, awaiting for him to speak.

"I miss him, too much," he told the burn outs.

## 5. Storm

The weather forecaster predicted a week full of pouring rain, making everything soggy and somber. It was Saturday and the movie theater was running rather slow. The manager gave Will the rest of the day off. Knowing that Joyce would still be working in the hardware store Will contemplated stopping by Camille's and inviting her over to smoke. But knowing her she's probably screwing her boyfriend who lives in the next town over. He could just smoke on his own but it's not the same without company.

He begins to wander around town on his bike, letting his clothes become soaking wet and rain water get in his eyes. After going in circles for about an hour or so he knew exactly where to go. He pedals hard and finds himself in front of the Wheeler house. His heart beating fast not from the sudden burst of movement but of nervousness. As he walked up to the door, he listed all the ways this could possibly go wrong and maybe it was best to turn around. But he knew that if he didn't ring that doorbell he would regret it. He heard the door knob turning, hoping for the best and preparing for the worst.

"Oh! Why hello Will, I haven't seen you around this house in ages. How are you?"

Will awkwardly smiles at Mrs. Wheeler feeling his words getting caught at his throat. He practically chokes it out like a bad hit from a cigarette.

"H-hi Mrs. W-wheel-l-ler. I'm qu-uite fine."

She welcomes him inside offering him a drink of milk. She keeps up the small talk, with each question making Will more and more uncomfortable. Questions about his school life, his mother, how was Jonathon doing, did he work now, and on and on and on. All he could do was force a smile and be polite while praying for all of it to be over.

"Hey Mom, I think Holly broke the shower handle- oh shit!"

"Micheal, what did I say about that kind of language in this house, especially in front of guests."

Will felt his heart sink to the floor, with Mike standing just two feet away from him, those eyes looking through his, making him feel smaller than a mouse.

"I'm really sorry Mom, I think I just got uh... excited. Will hasn't been over for like an eternity."

"Well I suppose you boys wanna run down to the basement and do whatever you do these days. I'll leave you two be."

All three were momentarily still before she gently shoos them away telling Mike to give Will a towel and a change of clothes. The sound of thunder could be heard off in the distance while the boys went down the stairs into a room almost unfamiliar to Will. The only noise was the sound of the pattering rain outside as they just continue to stare yet again.

"I should probably change, I'm soaking wet."

"Oh yeah, of course." Mike rushes to the laundry corner of the basement and sifts through the clean clothes. Will takes a look around finding the Dungeons and Dragons set and sees the game pieces laid out. He touches the wizard piece, smiling to himself, remembering "Will the Wise". Then the piece of the demogorgan caught his eye and he immediately turns away and looks elsewhere. Mike spins around with an Alien t-shirt and blue plaid pajama pants in his hands.

"You can change in the bathroom if you want, then I can take your wet clothes and hang them here so they can atleast dry a little."

"Uh- I think I can just change right here." Will was almost suprised on how casual they were acting after months of him cutting him and the others off. He rips off his shirt and hands it's to Mike who couldn't help but stare. There was a strange scar on Will's chest and he never imagined his body to look so frail and thin. He pulls away hanging the shirt and by the time he was done Will was completely changed and holding his soggy jeans.

"I missed you Mike."

Mike got thrown off from that remark and nearly dropped the jeans he was hanging.

"I missed you too." God he was such a crybaby, remembering the last time they talked and how he was sobbing. His face turns a pink and he starts to snuffle. "I thought you forgot all about me when you made those new friends and hung out with them all the time."

"I really couldn't, and trust me I tried. In the worst ways too."

Will steps closer while Mike still faced the drying clothes.

"I'm really sorry Micheal, you deserved better from me and I'm sorry."

Mike turns around being unable to hide his face full of tears any longer. He plummets his face into Will chest and clenches on to his shoulders.

"I shouldn't deserve anything from you, I'm the one with two parents and I live in this big house and don't have to work and-and I never had to go through what you did."

"None of that matters, it never did and it never will, honestly the only thing that pulled me through the shittiest of days was you." Will rests his hands on Mike's waist. Mike lifts his head up to look at him with eyes twinkling with tears.

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

Another clap of thunder. Their faces barely inches apart.

"You know what really sucked? The first time I lost you, I thought I'd never get to see you again," his words die down to a shaky whisper, "But you came back and I couldn't be more happy. But to lose you again, and see you every day. That fucking tore me to pieces."

Will moves his hands to wipe Mike's eyes and his own, then holds pulls him closer for a tighter embrace. Resting his lips on Mike's

forehead. He then pecks him ever so lightly, on his eyelids, his nose, cheeks, and, chin. Mike looks at him one last time, as if on cue he kissed Will on the lips with another clap of thunder booming through out the house. Their kiss deepens, both boys holding onto to each other as if they were out in the storm.